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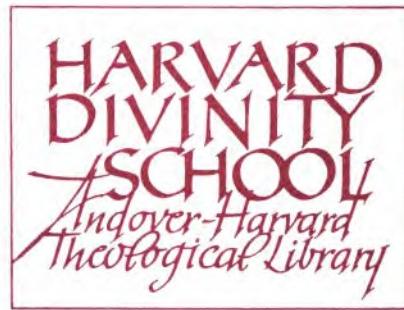
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Owen. New Tunes to Hymns Ancient and
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**NEW TUNES
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NEW TUNES
TO
HYMNS
ANCIENT AND MODERN

COMPOSED BY

THE REV. RICHARD OWEN, M.A.,
Fellow of the Philharmonic Society, London.

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1905

Preface.

IN times past there seems to have been a strange lack of principle in allying tunes to the words of hymns. One tune apparently was supposed to do for any number of hymns, if the metre would fit, whether such music chanced to be suitable or not. For example, the tune to the funereal "Brief life is here our portion," had to do duty also for the marriage hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," and "Melcombe" was used again, in spite of a false accent, for "Spir-IT of mercy, truth and love." Certainly the sense of the congruous must have been somewhat restricted. Then, not infrequently, the exigencies of the music forced the accent on the wrong word, sometimes even on the wrong syllable. Who has not been obliged to sing, against his better judgment, "In-FI-nite day excludes the night," or "Hark, THE glad sound the Saviour comes"? to say nothing of this choice couplet from "The sun is sinking fast":—

"Thus would I live yet now.
Not I but He—"

Here are some more very flagrant examples:—

"Hail TO the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail IN the time appointed," &c.

Notice the false accent on the verb:—

"He SHALL come down," &c.

Or again, on these syllables in another hymn:—

"From the overshadow-ING
OF Thy gold and silver wing."

The well-known tune to "A few more years shall roll" is perhaps more perverse. There we have:—

"Then, O my Lord, prepare (three beats)
My soul for that glad day,"

when of course it should be:—

"Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul
For that great day."

And what are we to think of this?—

"JE-rusalem on high
MY song and city is,
MY home whene'er I die,
THE centre of my bliss."

Adaptations also are unsatisfactory, however excellent the music may be. The hymn, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken," is usually sung to the Austrian National Anthem, which has very different associations. In any case, this sort of thing in the first verse is to be deplored:—

"On the Ro-ock of—
Ages fou-ounded," &c.

To remedy false accents such as these, many of the accompanying hymn tunes were written, and probably most people will agree that in such cases radical changes are desirable.

But in regard to the style of the greater number of these tunes, I am well aware that there are sure to be differences of opinion. Many musicians advocate diatonic harmonies for hymns and only the simplest melodic progressions. With that, I may say at once I disagree totally, for in nine cases out of ten it means intolerable dulness—a dulness, indeed, which nothing but long habit would endure for a moment. And I think we may take it as an axiom that in music of any sort dulness is *the* unpardonable sin, unless we except vulgarity, which is perhaps more distressing.

The harmonies of these hymn tunes are often chromatic, and purposely so. They are written with the definite intention of expressing certain emotions, and to ears accustomed to modern music, I take it that chromatic harmonies are absolutely necessary for this purpose, also that a certain freedom in pro-

gression is permissible. But, some may ask, is that really "sacred" music? Speaking generally, I answer that music is either good or bad (though of course bad music is not music at all, but is merely a distracting and disagreeable noise), and I doubt if any true distinction can be drawn between secular and so-called sacred music. If it is merely a matter of association, then some music intrinsically bad, may become at once "sacred"—through frequent use in church. People sometimes think that tunes wholly consisting of variations on the common chord constitute sacred music, or that anything by Handel, even an opera, if played slowly enough, comes under the same category.

To my mind, it is utterly absurd to write or to use any hymn tune without a distinctive and interesting melody, and the sooner stodgy German tunes give way to something more melodious, the better.

I am afraid people often like a poor tune, merely because they are accustomed to it. By a poor tune, I mean one consisting of a savage directness of rhythm, coupled with absolute commonness of melody and harmony. A good tune, in my opinion, is distinguished by a certain subtlety of rhythm, some departure from the ordinary melodic groove, and now and again an unexpected touch of harmony not always to be taken in at first hearing.

For a mission service or for unison singing, such music as the excellent and respectable tune usually associated with "Rock of Ages" is all that can be desired, but not, I submit, for a choir or indeed a congregation, with cultivated voices. For one thing, boys' voices at the present time are often properly and scientifically trained, and their high notes are their best ones. Many of us can remember how, in our childhood's days, certain hymn tunes were ruled out because they "went up to F." Nowadays, boys can sing A and B flat with ease, and the pitch is altogether higher. Any choirmaster will bear me out when I say that it is not desirable for boys' voices to be kept down perpetually on the low notes, of which this tune is entirely composed. Of course, I am writing from a musical point of view, and "in

quires and places where they sing," that side of the question must be considered. I ought to make it quite clear that the hymn tunes that I have written were only intended for trained voices. Many of these tunes have been already tested and sung in church by a well-trained choir. The music is, therefore, often purposely high-pitched, and often difficult, and the intervals are by no means invariably easy, but my experience has been that the more difficult a tune is, the better a good choir and an intelligent congregation will sing it.

Then can these hymn tunes be called congregational? That raises at once the vexed question of congregational singing. If people will practise them, they can sing them, but the parts certainly cannot be "put in" extemporaneously by the singer. A perfectly plain service, said throughout, is reasonable, intelligible and edifying ; but there can be no half measures. If there is to be music at all in the worship of Almighty God, it must not be something inferior or practically worthless. Therefore it behoves congregations also, not only those who are engaged in leading the singing, to contribute their musical best. If people are going to sing by way of worship (and I am assuming that they do this not merely for the sake of hearing their own voices), let them practise the music first. It must not surely be said that "anything will do" in this connexion, and where people are capable of better things, a "bright, hearty" service is no excuse for offering to God that which costs them nothing. It has also struck me as being unfair on other people for an untrained singer to make his voice obtrusive in music more or less elaborate, without any practice beforehand, while the choir and others will only sing it after careful rehearsal. Naturally, there are certain parts of the service in which all may and should join heartily—the responses, for instance—but it is appalling to anyone with a musical ear to hear a droning vocal accompaniment to a hymn tune two octaves or so below the treble part, or to hear, as I have heard in cathedrals, ladies "singing second," *i.e.*, singing thirds below the melody, often regardless of the key. Is that instinct very far removed from the strong desire that oftentimes impels people to join in a rousing

chorus? Is there not sometimes such a thing as silent worship? To such queries I do not pretend to give an answer, but in submitting these tunes now to a wider public, I put forward some explanations with the hope that they may carry conviction, and that the music may prove acceptable and useful, perhaps interesting. I feel very strongly that dull music can only be classed with ugly architecture and drab decoration; and that only *the best*, musically and artistically ought to be offered for the service of Almighty God. May He not be extreme to mark what is done amiss.

In conclusion, I wish to offer my sincere thanks to the following authors or owners of copyright, who, for the convenience of singers, have kindly allowed me to print the words with the music:—The Archbishop of Armagh, The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Messrs. Burns, Oates & Co., J. E. Bode, Esq., The Rev. F. G. Ellerton, Mrs. M. F. Maude, Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., Geo. H. Fellowes Prynne, Esq., The Rev. A. Havergal Shaw, Mrs. Thring, The Rev. Mother (S. Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead), The Rev. R. Hayes Robinson, The Rev. H. Walsham How, and last, but not least, The Proprietors of Hymns A. and M. Every endeavour has been made to discover the holders of copyright words. If any words in which copyright exists have been printed without permission, I ask for kind indulgence.

It only remains for me to thank cordially Dr. Frederick Karn for correcting the proofs, and for much kind help.

S. PETER'S VICARAGE,
LEE, S.E.

October, 1905.

It has not been thought
necessary to print the music
for the Amens to any of the
hymns. These are intended
to be sung as usual.

4 A. & M.

New Every Morning.

I.

New ev - ry morn - ing is the love Our
wak - 'ning and up - ris - ing prove; Thro' sleep and dark - ness
safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

The Radiant Morn.

The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And
 spent too soon her gold - en store; The sha - dows of de -
 - part - ing day Creep on . . . once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
 Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
 Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky ;

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging Angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;

Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all. Amen.

21 A.M.

The Day is Past.

III.

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to
 Thee: I pray Thee now that sin - less The
 hours of dark may be: O Je - su, keep me
 in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com - ing night.

The joys of day are over; I lift my heart to Thee, And ask Thee that offenceless The hours of dark may be: O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night.	The toils of day are over; I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that free from peril The hours of dark may be: O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night.
Be Thou my soul's preserver, For Thou alone dost know How many are the perils Through which I have to go: O loving Jesu, hear my call, And guard and save me from them all. Amen.	

Holy Father.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
 When earth's brightness disappears;
 Grant us in our latter years
 Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
 When in mortal pains we lie;
 Grant us, as we come to die,
 Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
 Darkness is not dark with Thee ;
 Those Thou keepest always see
 Light at evening time. Amen.

God, that madest.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

God, that mad-est earth and hea-ven, Dark-ness and light; . . .

The second section is:

Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night; . . .

The third section is:

May Thine An-gel-guards de-fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer-cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie:
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou our God forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high. Amen.

Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It
 is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born
 cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love,
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us

down to rest; Through the si - lent watch-es guard us,

Let no foe our peace mo - lest; Je - sus, Thou our

Guar-dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last. Amen.

Sweet Sa - viour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our

minds in - stil, And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With

low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and

death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

Sweet Saviour.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy Word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

Our day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall; But
 pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightest all.

Around the Throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
 The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here;
 Too soon of praise we tire:
 But oh, the strains how full and clear
 Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear Will
 If Thou attune the heart,
 We in Thine Angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our life a daily psalm
 Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
 Shall come the glorious end;
 And songs of Angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

Lord, in this.

X.



Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die ;

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy Face. Amen.



Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend,



Life, and health, and peace possess-ing From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.



Here I rest, for ever viewing

Mercy poured in streams of Blood;

Precious drops, my soul bedewing,

Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,

Low before His Cross to lie,

Whilst I see Divine compassion

Beaming in His languid Eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation

Fix my thankful heart on Thee,

Till I taste Thy full salvation,

And Thine unveiled glory see. Amen,



Three in One, and One in Three, Ruler of the earth and sea,



Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.



Light of lights ! with morning shine ;
 Lift on us Thy Light Divine ;
 And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even ,
 Let it close on sin forgiven ;
 Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
 Shed a holy calm.

Three in One and One in Three ,
 Dimly here we worship Thee ;
 With the Saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

To Christ, the Prince of peace, . . . And

Son of God most high, . . . The Fa - ther of the

world to come, We lift our joy - ful cry.

Deep in His Heart for us
 The wound of love He bore,
 That love which He enkindles still
 In hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu, Victim Blest,
 What else but love Divine
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That sacred Heart of Thine?

O wondrous Fount of love,
 O Well of waters free,
 O heavenly Flame, refining Fire,
 O burning Charity!

Hide us in Thy dear Heart,
 Jesu, our Saviour Blest,
 So shall we find Thy plenteous grace,
 And heaven's eternal rest. Amen.

Rock of Ages.

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my -
self in Thee; Let the Wa - ter and the Blood,
From Thy riv - en Side which flowed, Be of sin the
dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress :

Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy

bos - om fly, While the gath -'ring wa - ters roll,

While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my

Sa - viour, hide Till the storm of life be past;

Jesu, Lover of my Soul.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. Both staves have a common time signature. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of Life the Fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Je-su, meek and low-ly, Sa-viour, pure and ho-ly,

On Thy love re-ly-ing Hear me hum-bly ery-ing.

Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

By Thy red Wounds streaming,
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

By that Fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

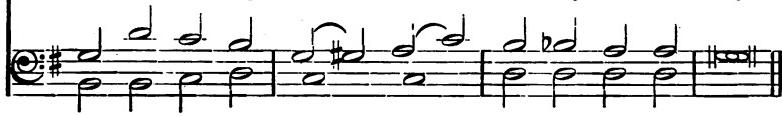
Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

Jesu meek and gentle.**XVII.**

Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most High,



Pi-tying, lov-ing Sa - viour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry.



Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

O Love Di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
 find my will - ing heart All ta - ken up by
 thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness
 of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !

For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
 For ever would I take my seat
 With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
 Amen.

O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out-side the fast closed door, In
low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er; Shame
on us, Chris-tian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear, Oh,
shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there.

O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
And lo ! that Hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marr'd :
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
“ I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so ? ”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen

Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With

light and com-fort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guar-dian,

Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to Heav'n, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest;
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

Gracious Spi - rit, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most
 Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heavenly love, . . .

Last Verse.

Shed on us, who to Thee sing, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong ;
 Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day ;
 Love will ever with us stay ;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
 Hope be emptied in delight ;
 Love in Heav'n will shine more bright ;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree ;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing
 Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed, Great Dav-id's great-er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He

comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free, . . . To

take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

Kings shall bow down before Him
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love. Amen.

O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple bless, Who
long to feel Thy might, And fain would grow in
ho - li - ness As chil - dren of the light.

To Thee we bring, Who art the Lord,
Our selves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep ;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal ;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

True Wind of Heav'n, from south or north,
For joy or chastening, blow ;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee ;
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

O Happy Band.

XXIV.

O hap - py band of pil - grims If on - ward
 ye . . . will tread With Je - sus as your Fel -
 - low To Je - sus as your head. . . .

O happy if ye labour
 As Jesus did for men :
 O happy if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then !
 The Cross that Jesus carried
 He carried as your due :
 The Crown that Jesus weareth
 He weareth it for you.
 The faith by which ye see Him,
 The hope in which ye yearn,
 The love that through all troubles
 To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure,
 What are they but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth ?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth ?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vi-gils keep; For

ve-ry love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The

men-tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And

me - di - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

For thee, O dear, dear Country.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

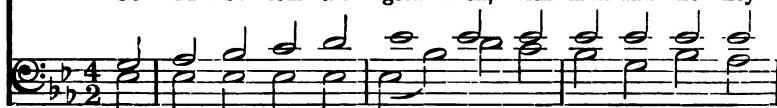
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy Holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.



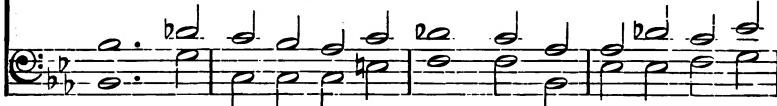
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney



blest, Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion. Sink heart and voice op -



prest. I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us



there, What ra - dian - ey of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com- pare.



Jerusalem the Golden.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect ;
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and ci - ty

ia, My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre

Unison.

of my bliss;..... O hap - py place! When
ORG.

Harmony.

shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy face.

Jerusalem on High.

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There Angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give :
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The Prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of peace :
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd :
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

Ah me ! ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay ;
No place like that on high ;
Lord, thither guide my way ;
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ? Amen.

239 A. & M. Christ is our Corner-stone. XXVIII.

Christ is our cor - ner stone, On Him a - lone we

build; With His true Saints a - lone The courts of

Heav'n are filled: On His great love Our

hopes we place Of pre-sent grace And joys a - bove.

Christ is our Corner-stone.

Christ is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build ;
With His true Saints alone
The courts of Heaven are filled :
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring :
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. Amen.

236 A. & M. **Jerusalem, my Happy Home.** **xxix.**

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name
 ev - er dear to me, . . . When shall my la - bours
 have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And all I love in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my labours have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love;
 That I may see Thee and adore,
 With all Thy Saints above. Amen.

Out of the deep I call, To Thee, O Lord, to Thee; Be-

- fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the Precious Name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
And ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy Throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me. Amen.

Musical score for the first stanza of "Pleasant are Thy Courts." The music is in common time (indicated by '4') and consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is three sharps. The lyrics are: "Pleasant are Thy courts a-bove In the land of light and love;"

Musical score for the second stanza of "Pleasant are Thy Courts." The music continues in common time with a treble clef and three sharps. The lyrics are: "Plea-sant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe:"

Musical score for the third stanza of "Pleasant are Thy Courts." The music continues in common time with a treble clef and three sharps. The lyrics are: "Oh, my spi - rit longs and faints For the converse of Thy Saints,"

Musical score for the fourth stanza of "Pleasant are Thy Courts." The music continues in common time with a treble clef and three sharps. The lyrics are: "For the brightness of Thy Face, For Thy fulness, God of grace."

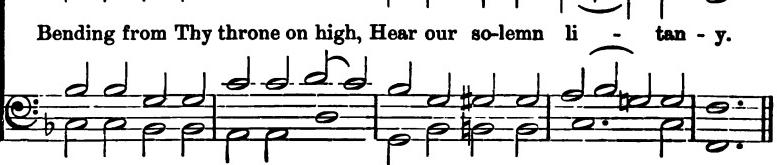
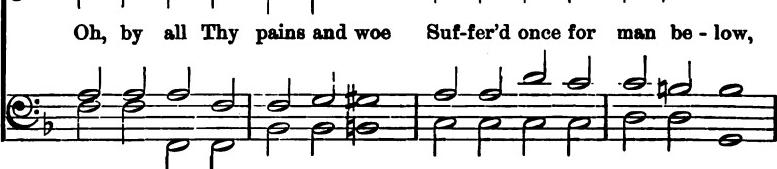
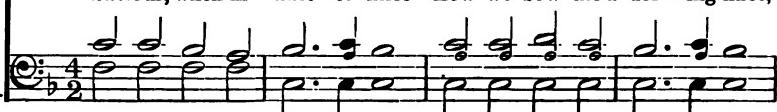
Pleasant are Thy Courts above.

Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe :
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy Altars, O most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast :
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place,
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord on me. Amen.



Saviour, when in dust to Thee.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold ;
From Thy Seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany. Amen.



Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, art thou sore dis - trest?



"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be . . . at rest!"



Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide ?

"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch

That His Brow adorns ?

"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here ?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last ?

"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay ?

"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless ?

"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes ! " Amen.

Just as I am with - out one plea But that Thy

Blood was shed for me,..... And that Thou bidd'st me come to

Thee,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Lightnings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Grief, riches, healing of the mind,
ea all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breath, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

Thy life was given for me, Thy Blood, O Lord, w:

shed,..... That I might ransomed be, And quick-

ORG.

from the dead; Thy life was giv'n

giv'n for Thee.....
me; What have I giv'n for Thee?

Thy Life was given for me.

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know ;
Long years were spent for me ;
Have I spent one for Thee ?

Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone ;
Yea, all was left for me ;
Have I left aught for Thee ?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell ;
Thou suff'redst all for me ;
What have I borne for Thee ?

And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love ;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me
What have I brought to Thee ?

O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent ;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent ;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee. Amen.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa-viour,
 hear His Word; Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ;
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of My Throne shalt be ;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
 O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

O Sa - viour may we nev - er rest Till

Thou art formed with - in,..... Till Thou hast calmed our

trou - bled breast, And crushed the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light :

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joys in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And, in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

271 A. & M. O Jesus, I have promised. XXXVII

O Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; B

Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend;]

shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side, N

wan-der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.

O Jesus, I have promised.

O let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone ;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in Heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

Through the night of doubt and sor-row, On-ward goes the pilgrim band,

Singing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

Thine for ev - er! God of love,.....

Hear us from Thy Throne a - bove; Thine for ev - er

may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

*Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever; Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

**Correct form, as requested by the Author.*

A musical score for a solo voice and piano, featuring four staves of music in common time and a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is in soprano range, and the piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are integrated into the musical phrases.

The lyrics are:

A few more years shall roll,..... A few more sea-sons
 come,..... And we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with - in the
 tomb;... Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great
 day ;..... O wash me in Thy precious Blood And take my sins a-way.

A few more years shall roll.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

(By kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co.)

Songs of praise the An - gels sang,

Heav'n with Al - le - lu - ias rang, When cre - a - tion

was be - gun, When God spoke and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love.
Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise
Father, unto Thee we raise,
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His feet thy tri - bute
 bring; Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, for - giv - en, Ev - er-more His prais-es
 sing; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our Fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him ;
 Ye behold Him face to face ;
 Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
 Gather'd in from every race ;
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

(3) Come let us join our cheerful songs With
Jesus is worthy to receive.....

An - gels round the Throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand
Hon - our and pow'r Di - vine;

are their tongues, But all their joys are one

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

O God, un - seen yet ev - er near, Thy
 Pre - sence may we feel; And, thus in - spired with
 ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine Al - tar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love,
 The streams that through the desert flow,
 The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word
 To feast on heavenly Food ;
 Our meat the Body of the Lord,
 Our drink His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy Word obey,
 For we, O God, are Thine ;
 And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renew'd with strength Divine. Amen.

I love to hear the sto - ry Which An-geL voi-ces tell,..... How

once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I

am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure-ly know, The

Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so..... I

I love to hear the Story.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is: "love to hear the sto - ry Which An - gel voi - ces tell,..... How". The second section is: "once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell." There is a small number '4' written near the end of the first section's melody.

I'm glad my Blessed Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To shew how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footstep here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angels voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell. Amen.

There's a Friend.



There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren Above the bright blue sky, ▲



Friend Who nev - er chan - ges Whose love will nev - er die! Our



earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years, This



Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.



There's a Friend for little Children.

There's a rest for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the Blessed Saviour,
 And to the Father cry ;
A rest from every turmoil,
 From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by ;
A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour
 And loved His Name below.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
A song which even Angels
 Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
 Above the bright blue sky ;
And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own. Amen.

Heav'n-ly Fath - er, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren

gath- er'd here, May they all, Thy name con - fess - ing,

Be to Thee for ev - er dear; May they be, like

Jo . seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste and pure;

Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

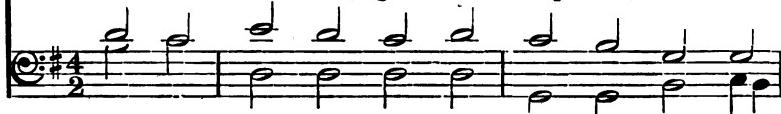
And their faith, like Da-vid, proving, Steadfast un-to death en-dure.

Holy Saviour, Who in meekness,
Did vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee ;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast ;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

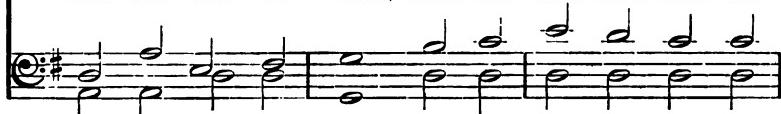
Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love :
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.



Gra - cious Sa - viour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle



ones are dear to Thee; Gath - er'd with Thine arms and



car - ried In Thy Bos - om may we be; Sweet - ly,



fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.



Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine Arms, and carried
In Thy Bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of Blood and Water,
Flowing from Thy wounded Side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thine own still waters glide.

Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the Saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen.

Saviour, sprinkle.**L.**

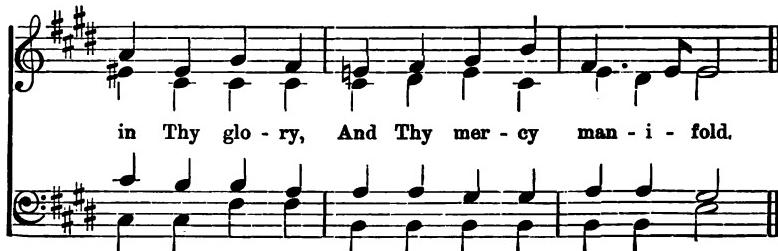
Music for two voices. Treble clef, key of C major (two sharps). Time signature common time. The lyrics are: "Sa-viour, sprin-kle ma - ny na - tions, Fruit-ful let Thy".

Music for two voices. Treble clef, key of C major (two sharps). Time signature common time. The lyrics are: "sor - rows be ; By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions".

Music for two voices. Treble clef, key of C major (two sharps). Time signature common time. The lyrics are: "Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee: Of Thy Cross the wondrous story".

Music for two voices. Treble clef, key of C major (two sharps). Time signature common time. The lyrics are: "Be it to the na - tions told; Let them see Thee".

Saviour, sprinkle many Nations.



Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild

rest - less sea Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth

Say - ing. "Chris - tian, fol - low me."

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
 By the Galilean lake,
 Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
 Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store,
 From each idol that would keep us,
 Saying, "Christain, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 That we love Him more than these.

Jesus call us: by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Come to our poor nature's night, With Thy bless-ed in-ward light,
 Ho - ly Ghost the In - fi - nite, Com-for-ter Di - vine.

We are sinful,—cleanse us, Lord,
 Sick and faint,—Thy strength afford,
 Lost, until by Thee restored,
 Comforter Divine.

Orphan are our souls and poor,
 Give us from Thy Heavenly store
 Faith, love, joy for evermore,
 Comforter Divine.

Like the dew Thy peace distil;
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter Divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groaning plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine.

Earnest of the bliss on high
 Seal of immortality.
 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
 Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God !
 Upward, by the starry road,
 Bear us to Thy high abode,
 Comforter Divine. Amen.

Glor - ious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty

of our God; He Whose word can - not be bro - ken

Form'd thee for His own a - bode. On the Rock of

a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

Glorious things of Thee are Spoken.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with a bass clef. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of eight measures. The lyrics are integrated into the music.

With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply Thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ;
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day ;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray,

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex -

- am - ple be: Thou art gen - tle,

meek and mild, Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be ;
Thou art all humility :
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious Hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art ;
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.

Every Morning.*Unison.*

Ev'-ry morning the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;
 But the ev'-ning com - eth on, And the dark, cold night.
 There's a bright land far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er - end-ing day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
 Open bright and gay,
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away.
 There's a land we have not seen,
 Where the trees are always green.
 Little birds sing songs of praise,
 All the summer long,
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song.
 There's a place where Angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him ;
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim ;
 There is a most happy place,
 Where men always see His face.
 Who shall go to that bright land ?
 All who do the right :
 Holy children there shall stand
 In their robes of white ;
 For that Heav'n, so bright and blest,
 Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

Here, Lord, we of - fer Thee all that is

fair - est, Flow'r's in their fresh - ness from

gar - den and field; . . . Gifts for the

strick - en ones-- know - ing Thou car - est

Here, Lord, we offer Thee.

More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

Speak, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,

Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,

Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,

Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sicken'd,

Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;

Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quicken'd,

Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

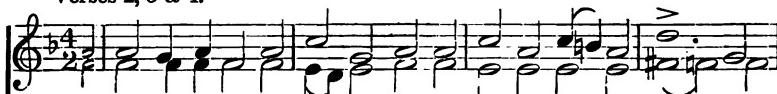
We, Lord, like flowers in our Autumn must wither;

We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die:

Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,

Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky. Amen.

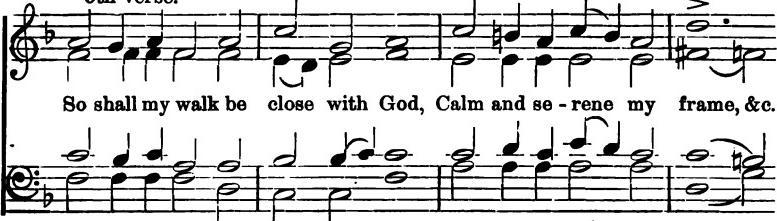
Verses 2, 3 & 4.



1. O for a clo-s-er walk with God, A calm and heav'ly frame; A
2. What peace-ful hours, &c.



5th verse.



What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff begins with a forte dynamic. The middle staff starts with a half note. The bottom staff begins with a quarter note. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

There is a foun - tain fill'd with Blood, Drawn from Em -
- man - uel's veins, And sin - ners plung'd be -
-neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a Blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine. Amen.

Hymn for Holy Communion.

LIX.

Music score for the first stanza. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody consists of two staves of music, each with four measures. The lyrics are: "Je - su, our Man-na true, Thou Well of Wa-ters free; Feed".

Music score for the second stanza. The key signature changes to C major (no sharps or flats). The time signature remains common time. The melody continues on two staves. The lyrics are: "my poor soul a - new, Break from the rock for me."

Jesu, our Living Bread,
In this world's desert drear
May my cold heart be led
To find Thy presence here.

Jesu, our heavenly Vine,
To us Thyself bestow,
Fill me with love divine,
Let me Thy sweetness know.

Jesu, our Sacrifice,
For greatest and for least,
Who every grace supplies—
Victim art Thou and Priest.

Lord, at Thine altar here
We plead Thy precious Blood,
Take from me every fear,
Cleanse me, O Son of God!

Open Thy Sacred Heart,
Thou, Saviour dear, for me,
May I be where Thou art
Through all eternity.

R. O.

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